

Blakroc f/ Raekwon**"Stay Off the Fuckin' Flowers"**

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[Intro: Raekwon] Uh, yup, uh-huh, word [Raekwon] Up in the bleachers in the penthouse, fronting Stove burning a half a bird, you laker out, the legs is burning We eating eskavich, green pea soup, Korean coupe in the front With twelve rich whores, ready to stunt Roll the blunts, lady, you straighten the pussy, ran Glenny my man Honest seven hundred gram, be easy Then the phone rang, BLING BLING BLING, aiyo, King, two more ice packs Coming, forty bundles of onion Roll the reefer to the maximum, sax playing, lay on the drum The Jeffersons on, I'm ready to cum She looking at me with a relevant stare, know my pockets the only here Could come up out the hood, stay here Pissing Merlot out, twirl my little thing downstairs Cuz anything other than that, we all Williamaires Can't forget that, the ziplocks is gift bagged None of that over night shit, we selling seconds, pa, hit back Sean, aiyo, it's stupid hot, take a shotty with you You and Barkim, make it pop Them niggas is from the golden era, lemonade leathers Who don't give a fuck, if they die, they more high They soldiers in the streets, they rebels Bubble for muthafucking money, with bitches rocking stilettos So when the drought hit, they on they shit The sheeps come out, loving the C Cypher Powers, they cowards Stay off the fucking flowers... yup Rocking a skull full of waves, four frames on his chains Jamaican accent, fresh out Toronto, we black skinned Young Black Panther M.O., love wheeling rentals He on the crack spot, we know it as the trap shop Adidas down, sterling brown, uncles is traffickers Lifestyle throwing, spectacular Green grass smokers with green hash, them niggas don't need cash They only play fresher by the mean glass A dream stash only when the good boy last These is all roofless niggas, we don't feel glad Left the Aspen, the back of the gas station Remember no shorties in it, it's only glocks with mags Here the feds come, niggas is bad, no, give him his bag These is ninjas in rags, rock the flags [Outro: Raekwon] Yeah, uh-huh, yeah, yeah, uh-huh Word, for real, what the fuck, damn It's that fly shit, it's that muthafucking fly shit Word up, we going nigga, one

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